

FRONTISPIECE see page 13.



JACK CAPERING ASHORE

Poll, dang it how d'ye do.

Nan won't you give's a bufs

Published by John Fairburn, 146, Minories, London.

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12 *Jack Tar*

1508/356

THE
NAVAL SONGSTER,
OR
Jack Tar's Chest of Conviviality,
For 1798.

CONTAINING
A COLLECTION OF THE BEST SONGS
THAT EVER WERE
WRITTEN, COMPOSED, INVENTED, OR
MANUFACTURED BY INGENUITY,
CALCULATED
TO PROMOTE CONVIVIALITY AND MERRIMENT,
WITH
FOUR DOZEN MONSTROUS GOOD SENTIMENTS,
NEW, FROM THE IDEA-POT,
AND
AN INTRODUCTION,
COMICAL, SERIOUS, AND WHIMSICAL,
WITH A
FULL LENGTH PORTRAIT OF A JACK TAR.

Embellished with a PLATE *of* JACK *Capering* Ashore.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. FAIRBURN, NO. 146, MINORIES.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]



THE
NAVAL SONGSTER,

OR

Jack Tar's Chest of Conviviality.

• INTRODUCTION,

Which, as I'm a *good-natured* little fellow, I
will give you leave to read, sing, chaunt,
or — *let it alone.*

ODDS curse it, Tom, you are as queer as an old
woman with her nose off, and as rumbustical as
a fow in a hurricane; 'tis in vain to argue with you
for — Botheration, says Tom, you'll make me as mad
as *fire* presently, with your ifs and fors, and your rea-
sonings and arguments. — I advise you for your *own*

A 2

good;

good ; then why refuse a friendly request ? — Begin, begin, I say ; this pen shall be your painting-brush, the ink-bottle your pallet, the deck your easel, and here's a scrap of paper for your canvas. — Tom, says I, looking with a face as *grave* as *mustard*, you are one of the most obstinate beings that ever God manufactured ; and, when you have once conceived an idea, 'tis in vain to argue with you of its impropriety or absurdity. Now you know that I am as little acquainted with *painting* as I am with *cuckoldom*, neither of which have I ever studied ; I therefore conclude, that, when a person attempts a thing he is inadequate to the performance of, he not only displays his ignorance but his *folly*. — D—n my sister's pin-cushion ! but — Avaft, my dear fellow, says I, never suffer passion to run foul of reason ; 'tis weak, and shews a lack of wisdom. I'd rather make an attempt to accomplish your wish than suffer you to fall into the devil's *clap-net* of passion. I think you requested me to sketch out the portraiture of a sailor. I will attempt it.

A *sailor* — is a sharp blade indeed if kept whetted with good diet ; but bad usage makes him as dull and useless as an old razor.

The better sailor he is, he becomes the more lazy, and fancies himself like a sheet-anchor, to be reserved for desperate occasions : he has been an active fellow, and would be so still, were he but fairly dealt with ;
but,

but, "smite my crooked timbers," says he, "the useful cur is made to turn the spit, whilst my lady's lap-dog runs away with the roast meat."

He loves short voyages as he does short prayers, and it is hard to say which of the two he makes ofteneft.

His whole trust is on the wind and sea, that are as inconstant and treacherous as a *woman*, and he knows it; but what can a man do that is linked to all three by the chain of destiny? The best way is to keep a sharp look out, he cries; and he trusts just as much to his wife's constancy as to a smooth sea; he knows full well that both are at the mercy of the elements, and may change in a moment.

He can no more sleep in sheets than in a horse-pond. Put him into a feather-bed, and he shall fancy himself sinking in Davy's locker, upon which he falls to swimming; but sling him up in a hammock, and he shall lay quiet, and sleep as sound as a drunken sow.

If ever he is troubled with dreams, it is when he is reduced to a very short allowance, when he begins nibbling his fingers ends through greediness, which wakes him; and, finding himself disappointed of his mess, he falls cursing his unlucky stars, and d—ns the Devil for a pick-pocket.

His chief station is that hill of Parnassus, the fore-castle; here, he and his brother Jacks lie pelting each

other with sea-wit, and toss jests and oaths about as thick and fast as boys do squibs and crackers on the 5th of November.

He is one that is the greatest prisoner and the greatest rambler in Christendom; there is not a corner of the whole world but he visits, and yet he rarely makes one step out of sight of his old habitation; but, when he once gets ashore, he pays it off with a vengeance; for, knowing his time to be but short, he crowds all his sail, and lives as fast as possible.

He loves his honour like roast beef, and is ready to spend his blood upon any fair quarrelsome occasion! His hands are seldom his own when he is drunk, and yet they become his bosom friends when he is sober; for, he generally keeps them stuck within his breast or his pockets, not so much to keep his heart or his money within board, but out of pure principle of not exposing his best friends to every rough blast, they being the only friends he has to trust to.

His thoughts reach not much above the topmast-head; and he pretends not to penetrate beyond his eye-sight. He has seen in his days more than enough to have made any thinking creature wise and honest; but this brave fellow views all things as sheep do the stars, or a dray-horse what passes in Cheapside, without any after-thought or reflection.

Tom,

Tom, hallo! what in the name of Sonnus, are you gone to sleep? Well, I guess'd how it would be; but you will have your own way. Now, I'll wager my nose to a pinch of snuff, that there will not be one in ten of my readers who will give themselves the trouble to read through this Introduction, or look at the picture: even you yourself, with all your partiality to the subject, could not keep open your peepers till I had finished. Well, good night, my boy! as I have drawn it, so it shall be printed. Ecod, Tom, you snore like a bull in a quinsy.

BRITANNIA, RULE THE WAVES.

A new Song, occasioned by the Glorious Victory gained over the Spanish Fleet of Twenty-seven Ships of the Line, by a British Fleet of Fifteen Sail, commanded by SIR JOHN JERVIS (now Lord St. Vincent).

When Britain late at Heaven's command,
 Rode mistress of the subject main;
 Her guardians angels, hand in hand,
 Sung this melodious joyful strain:
 Rule, Britannia; Britannia, rule the waves;
 Thy Hearts of Oak shall ne'er be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
 Must under Gallic bondage fall;
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 Rule, Britannia; &c.

Thy

Thy sons the grateful voice shall raise
 To heroes of immortal fame;
 Brave JERVIS first demands their praise,
 For ever honour'd be his name.

Rule, Britannia; &c.

With half their force the Dons he chas'd,
 In Lagos-Bay he struck the blow;
 Which has the Spanish name disgrac'd;
 For, never was it brought so low.

Rule, Britannia; &c.

Their *Saviour of the World** he took,
 No more their cause he could befriend;
 Their *Saints*, their scatter'd fleet forlook,
 No more assistance could they lend.

Rule, Britannia; &c.

Ye British tars to you 'tis giv'n,
 This mighty truth to tell the world;
 Through you th' avenging hand of Heav'n
 'Gainst treach'rous Spain the bolt has hurl'd.

Rule, Britannia; &c.

Nor has th' ambitious *Frenchman* found,
 With all his arts mankind t'enslave,
 His pow'r succeed on Britain's ground,
 Upon her coasts he finds his *grave*.

Rule, Britannia; &c.

While half of Europe owns his sway,
 Thou shalt alone his force withstand;
 Full dearly shall he rue the day,
 He dares *invade* thy fertile land.

Rule, Britannia; &c.

* Four ships of the line were taken, one was named the *Saviour of the World*, and the other three had the name of *Saints*.

Then,

Then, Britons, join in loudest strains,
 The paths of glory still pursue;
 No foe shall rule your native plains,
 While Britons to themselves are true.
 Rule, Britannia; Britannia, rule the waves;
 Thy Hearts of Oak shall ne'er be slaves.

THE YEAR NINETY-SEVEN.

*A new Song on the total Overthrow of the Dutch Fleet,
 on their own Coasts, on the 11th Day of October, by
 the British Squadron, under ADMIRAL (now LORD)
 DUNCAN.*

The year *ninety-seven* draws near to a close,
 Most fatal it has been to some of our foes;
 Let us hope, that, before it does finally end,
 We may teach the remainder their manners to mend.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

First the *Spaniards* began to vapour and strut,
 They swore that brave JERVIS to death they would put;
 But, with *half of their number*, he shew'd them such play,
 That their *Saints* and their *Saviour* he carried away.
 Derry down, &c.

The disgrace of the *Dons* can hardly be told,
 For the *Frenchmen* have borrow'd their *Saints* made of gold;
 And now *Plymouth* secures their *Saints* made of wood,
 Scarcely *Mexico's* self can make their loss good.
 Derry down, &c.

Then our *Jacobin* neighbours, their friendship to prove,
 In our *fleets* sow'd sedition in *brotherly love*;

Our

Our brave *tars* for a while were deceiv'd and misled,
But thank *Heav'n* the storm soon pass'd over head.

Derry down, &c.

Then the *Dutchmen* long threaten'd to give us a call,
To *invade* and *destroy* us the *Devil* and all;
But brave DUNCAN has cured them of that idle thought,
The best part of their fleet he has home with him brought.

Derry down, &c.

How glorious a thing for the *Dutchmen* to see,
Their fleet so roughly handled by *Britons* so free;
No pow'r to relieve them, none aid could afford,
Their Admirals masts went close by the board.

Derry down, &c.

Behold *France*, *Spain*, and *Holland*, we've bang'd them all
No hopes now remains to invade British ground; [round,
Should their boasted *Brest* fleet come once more out of port,
To *Portsmouth*, with their masters, they soon would resort.

Derry down, &c.

The *Directory* tell us to Peace they're inclin'd, [mind;
When we've beat them once more we shall be of their
Their haughty demeanour must yet be brought low,
Or there's no Peace for *Europe* we very well know.

Derry down, &c.

To our brave *British tars* all praise let us give,
May they long in the love of their countrymen live;
To them may their *King* and their *country* be dear,
For, while Britons are loyal, they've nothing to fear.

Derry down, &c.

Then fill up your glasses, let this be your toast,
May we still have a JERVIS or DUNCAN to boast;
To *Heav'n* let's be grateful for what it has lent,
If we cannot have *Peace*, let's at least have *Content*!

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

MEG OF WAPPING.

A new Song, written and sung by Mr. DIBDIN.

'Twas landlady Meg that made such rum flip,
 Pull away, pull away, hearties;
 At Wapping she liv'd, at the sign of the Ship,
 Where tars meet in such jolly parties:
 She'd shine at the play, and she'd jig at the ball,
 All rigg'd out so gay and so topping,
 For she marry'd six husbands and bury'd them all,
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
 What d'ye think of my Meg of Wapping?

The first was old Bluff, with a swinging purse,
 Pull away, pull away, jolly boys;
 He was cast away: said Meg who cares a curse,
 As for grieving, why, Lord, that's a folly, boys.
 The second in command was blear-ey'd Ned,
 While the surgeons his limbs were a lopping,
 A nine-pounder came and smack'd off his head,
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
 Rare news for my Meg of Wapping.

Then she marry'd to Sam, and Sam lov'd a sup,
 Pull away, pull away, brother;
 So groggy Sam got, and the ship blew up,
 And Meg had to look for another.
 The fourth was bold Ben, who at danger would smile,
 Till his courage a crocodile stopping,
 Made his breakfast of Ben on the banks of the Nile,
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
 What a fortunate Meg of Wapping.

Stay — who was the fifth? Oh, 'twas Dick so neat,
 Pull away, pull away, so merry;
 And the savages Dick both kill'd and eat,
 And poor Meg she was forc'd to take Jerry.

Death

Death again stood her friend; for, kill'd in a fray,
 He also the grave chanc'd to pop in;
 So now with my song I shall soon belay,
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, belay
 The six husbands of Meg of Wapping.

But I did not tell you how that she marry'd seven,
 Pull away, pull away, so neatly;
 'Twas honest Tom Trip, and he sent her to Heav'n,
 And her strong box rummag'd sweetly:
 For, Meg growing old, a fond dotard prov'd,
 And must after a boy needs be hopping;
 So she popp'd off; and Tom, with the girl that he lov'd,
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
 Spent the shiners of Meg of Wapping.

DOLL OF WAPPING.

A Parady on MEG OF WAPPING.

*Written by T. DIBDIN, and sung by DIGHTON,
 at SADLERS' WELLS.*

'Twas at Stepney-church I was splic'd to Doll,
 Pull away, pull away, together;
 In wedlock you'll oft-times meet with a squall,
 But I found it all foul weather:
 Such a curious clapping-tongue had she,
 Doll's music there was no stopping,
 So in less than a week I put off to sea,
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
 What a devil of a Doll of Wapping.
 I fall'd for Jamaica to give her the slip,
 Pull away, pull away, yo ho, there!
 But, soon finding my latitude, Doll took a trip,
 And she presently had me in tow there.

So again I was forc'd to lead the old life,
 And to India was fain to be hopping,
 Where landing, the first that I met was — my wife!

Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,
 What d'ye think of my Doll of Wapping?

At Calcutta she jaw'd for three weeks and a day,

Pull away, pull away, so fine O!

Where I luckily shipp'd her for Botany-Bay,

And myself set sail for China:

But, just as I counted on the end of my toils,

Never dreaming of what was to happen,

We were both cast away near the Phillipine Isles,

Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,

What a chop for my Doll of Wapping.

Well, what would you have? All my buffetings past,

Pull away, pull away, d'ye mind me;

I'm here 'mong the savages moor'd at last,

Where Doll is not able to find me.

Safe out of the reach of her d—n'd slack jaw,

With plenty of grub for popping,

I'm snug along side of this tight young sqaw!

Pull away, pull away, pull away, belay,

And the devil take Doll of Wapping.

CAPERING ASHORE.

[See the FRONTISPIECE.]

Poll, dang it how d'ye do,

Nan, won't you give's a buss,

Why what's to do wi' you,

Why here's a pretty fufs;

Say, shall we kiss and toy?

I goes to sea no more,

Oh! I'm the sailer boy

For capering ashore.

B

Father

Father he apprentic'd me
 All to a coasting-ship,
 I b'ing resolv'd d'ye see
 To give 'em all the slip;
 I got to Yarmouth fair,
 Where I had been before,
 So father found me there
 A capering ashore.

Next out to India
 I went a guinea-pig,
 We got to Table-Bay;
 But mind a pretty rig;
 The ship, driving out to sea,
 Left me, and many more,
 Among the Hottenpots
 A capering ashore.

I loves a bit of hop,
 Life's ne'er the worser for't,
 If in my wake should drop
 A fiddle, "That's your sort!"
 Thrice tumble up a hoy,
 Once get the labour o'er,
 Then see the sailor boy
 A capering ashore.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

By R. RUSTED.

TUNE.—DIBDIN'S *Tar for all Weathers.*

Brother *messmates* come let us be jolly,
 And drown all our sorrows in *grog*;
 Our chaplain declares 'tis a folly
 The heart of a seaman to clog:

Though

Though winds blow and storms appear daily,
While ploughing the ocean so wide,
We foot it and booze it so gaily,
The rudder of *hope* for our guide.

CHORUS.

Sing whack my dear creature be easy,
May we live all the rest of our lives;
He's a *broth* of a *lad* and not crazy,
When drinking to *Sweethearts* and *Wivvits*.

Our *boatswain's* a true-hearted fellow,
On deck how he unships his cares;
You'd laugh for to see him so mellow,
When *piping* all hands up to pray'rs:
Tom Coxswain the cann will be filling,
Well known for a staunch jolly dog,
No one at the capstern more willing,
A friend to good humour and grog.

CHORUS as before.

Then give me the girl I love dearly,
Brisk gales and a tight-looking ship,
And, though matters go very queerly,
They'll sink in a bowl of good *flip*:
Long life to our worthy commander,
While sharing the fortune of war,
And perish the lubbers that slander
The fame of a jolly *Jack Tar*.

CHORUS as before.

FAITHFUL MARY.

Sung at SADLERS' WELLS.

TUNE. — DIBDIN'S *Sailor's Journal*.

The deck was clear'd, the gallant band
Of British tars each other cheering;
Each kindly shook his messmate's hand,
With hearts resolv'd, nor dangers fearing:

Ben Block turn'd pale, yet 'twas not fear,
 Ben thought he had beheld some fairy,
 When on the deck he saw appear,
 In seaman's dress, his faithful *Mary*.

Her cheek assum'd a crimson glow,
 Yet, such for love her noble daring,
 No pray'rs could keep her down below,
 With Ben she'd stay, all perils sharing.
 When cruel fate ordain'd it so,
 Ere Ben had time to say How fare ye!
 An envious ball convey'd the blow,
 That clos'd in death the eyes of *Mary*.

Ben's arms receiv'd the falling fair,
 Grief, rage, and love, his bosom tearing;
 His eyes reflecting wild despair,
 No more for life or safety caring. —
 Close came the foe. Ben madly cry'd,
 "Ye adverse pow'rs come on, I dare ye!"
 Then, springing from the vessel's side,
 Rush'd on the foe, and dy'd for *Mary*.

THE PRETTY GIRL I LOVE.

Sung by Mr. DENMAN at VAUXHALL.

Written by Mr. UPTON.

Jack Oakum was a gallant tar,
 And doated on his lovely Poll,
 Whose charms were like the morning-star,
 And radiant as the beams of Sol:
 To live and to each other true,
 They swore by every Saint above;
 And Jack, wherever sailing to,
 Gave — *Here's the pretty girl I love!*

It chanced once they made a port,
 Where Beauty held its magic reign,
 And each bold tar, in am'rous sport,
 Forgot the perils of the main.
 Round went the glass, the jest and whim,
 The song and toast at ev'ry move;
 Yet Jack, whene'er they call'd on him,
 Gave — *Here's the pretty girl I love!*

Thus faithful Jack, in every clime,
 True to his girl, dwelt on her charms;
 And soon arriv'd the happy time,
 When each were lock'd in t'others arms:
 Safe they have made the nuptial coast,
 And Jack, once more his love to prove,
 When ask'd by friendship for his toast,
 Gave — *Here's the pretty girl I love!*

A NEW SEA SONG.

By R. RUSTED.

TUNE. — DIBDIN'S *Chelsea Pensioner*.

Come fill the bowl, my jovial soul,
 And let us merry be;
 Pledge those that sail from pole to pole,
 And then, brave boys, to sea:
 While fav'ring gales are veering round,
 The Vict'ry leads the van;
 And though, my lads, we're outward bound,
 Let's tofs the flowing cann.

Farewel to lovely Sal and Sue,
 The girls for mirth and fun;
 Land-lubbers, skulkers, all adieu,
 Who, matchless, fight and run.

The shiv'ring sails begin to swell,
 The pond'rous anchor's weigh'd;
 Old England's chalky cliffs farewell;
 Then, shipmates, who's afraid?

For, though the raging billows roar,
 And winds incessant blow;
 We cheerly quit yon craggy shore,
 To meet the daring foe:
 And if, by chance, a fatal ball
 Should ere mischievous fly,
 Adieu, then, to the boatswain's call,
 'Tis he, Jack, you, or I.

NEW FAL DE RAL TIT.

Written by Mr. LONSDALE, and sung by Mr. DIGHTON, at SADLERS' WELLS.

Come, friend, sheer off with your slack jaw,
 Or I'll make your crazy sides to yaw;
 D'ye think for to hum good subjects so?
 Why, man, 'tis all my eye!
 You may shew your gim-cracks where you may,
 I'm a plain Jack Tar, Bet, that's my way,
 And to all that foreign swabs can say,
 Why, I sings Fal de ral tit.

It was neither the girls, nor drink, nor debt,
 Drove me to sea. -- Now was it, Bet?
 I said so then, and I say it yet,
 It was all to *far-ve* my king:
 Then d—n me! why should a French monsieur,
 Ever come for to go, for to say this here,
 That an English heart has that to fear,
 While he sings Fal de ral tit?

Now

Now because I am gigging it here ashore,
 You may think I go to sea no more,
 And I don't, d'ye mind, blame you therefore,
 'Cause I should a said the same;
 But, Lord! I'm none of your skulking swells,
 'Though I likes a trip to Sadlers' Wells,
 And there when I sees the beaux and the belles,
 Why then I sings Fal de ral tit.

Then, Bet, my girl, since my mind you know,
 Let us take one spell before we go;
 All hands on deck for a dance, yo ho!
 Why fiddlers that's your sort:
 Should a true Jack Tar up aloft there be,
 Mayhap he'd like to join with me,
 Take a parting frisk, then off to sea,
 And there sing Fal de ral tit.

A NEW SONG.

*Sung by Mr. TOWNSEND, in HARLEQUIN and
 OBERON.*

Since our foes to invade us have long been preparing,
 'Tis clear they consider we've something worth sharing,
 And for that mean to visit our shore;
 It behoves us, however, with spirit to meet 'em,
 And though 'twill be nothing uncommon to beat 'em,
 We must try how they'll take it once more.

CHORUS.

So fill, fill your glasses, and be this toast giv'n,
 Here's England for ever! the land, boys, we live in.

Here's a health to our tars on the wide ocean ranging,
 Perhaps even now some broadsides are exchanging,
 We'll on ship-board and join in the fight;
 And, when with the foe we are firmly engaging,
 'Till the fire of our guns lulls the sea in its raging,
 On our country we'll think with delight.

CHORUS as before.

On

On that throne where once Alfred with glory was seated,
Long, long, may our King by his people be greeted!

Oh, to guard him we'll be of one mind:
May religion, law, order, be strictly defended,
And continue the blessings they first were intended,
In union the nation to bind.

CHORUS as before.

HONEST HEART OF A TAR.

A new Song, sung at SADLERS' WELLS.

My girl, though no fortune to offer,
I've something to put on a par;
Come here and accept of my offer,
The kind honest heart of a Tar.

Ne'er let such a trifle as this is,
Girl, be to your pleasure a bar;
You'll be rich, though 'tis only in kisses,
With the kind honest heart of a Tar.

Besides, I'm none of your ninnies,
The next time I come from afar,
I'll bring you your lap full of guineas,
With the kind honest heart of a Tar.

I have this here to say now, and mind it,
If love that no hazard can bar;
Your seeking you'll certainly find it,
In the kind honest heart of a Tar.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, in a FRIEND IN NEED.

When to old England I come home,
Fal lal, &c.

What joy to see the tankard foam.
Fal lal, &c.

When

When treading London's well-known ground,
 If e'er I feel my spirits tire,
 I haul my sail, look up around,
 In search of *Whitbread's best entire*.

I spy the name of *Calvert*,
 Of *Curtis, Cox, and Co.*

I give a cheer and bawl for't,
 A pot of porter ho!

When to old England I come home,
 What joy to see the tankard foam;
 With heart so light and frolic high,
 I drink it off to Liberty.

Where wine or water can be found,

Fal lal, &c.

I've travell'd far the world around,

Fal lal, &c.

Again I hope before I die,
 Of England's cann the taste to try;
 For, many a league I'd go about,
 To take a draught of *Gifford's stout*:

I spy the name of *Trueman*,
 Of *Maddox, Meux, and Co.*

The sight makes me a new man,
 A pot of porter ho!

THE SIGH — ADIEU!

Sung by Master WELCH, in the SHIPWRECK.

On board the Valiant we set sail,
 The streamer waving in the wind;
 The sails, distended by the gale,
 Seem'd to forget the shores behind:
 The sailor to the topmast flies,
 To wave his handkerchief in air,
 And on the tow'ring cliff descries
 His own true Polly weeping there,
 And hears her sigh — Adieu!

Now

Now fresher blew the sou-west gale,
 In peace no more the billows sleep,
 The storm that rent the swelling sail,
 Loud murmur'd o'er the sullen deep:
 No more the sailor sees the land,
 Yet waves his handkerchief in air,
 In vain he seeks the well-known strand,
 To find his own true Polly there,
 And hear her sigh — Adieu!

The storm grown louder split the mast,
 The hurricane more fiercely blows,
 And as against the rocks we cast,
 Our vessel to the bottom goes:
 The sailor to the topmast flies,
 To wave his handkerchief in air,
 And on the tow'ring cliffs he tries
 To find his own true Polly there,
 And hear her sigh — Adieu!

THE JOLLY DOG.

TUNE. — *Chelsea Pensioner.*

On board the good ship Molly,
 I sail'd from Plymouth-Sound,
 And left behind my Polly,
 To trace the world around:
 To fear I am no stranger,
 But jovial, bold, and free,
 And, for to brave all danger,
 Resolv'd to go to sea.

And now on board so cheerly,
 I drink my flip and grog,
 My messmates love me dearly,
 And call me jolly dog;

To reef or steer, or mount the shrouds,
 So merrily am I,
 Or on the main-top face the clouds,
 Drunk, sober, wet, or dry.

To England then with pleasure
 I bid a long farewell,
 In hopes to gain some treasure,
 And poverty repel:
 But, if on board the Molly,
 A fatal cannon-ball,
 Should rob me of my Polly,
 Why then adieu to all.

THE SAILOR's JOURNAL.

Written and sung by Mr. DIBDIN.

'Twas post meridian half-past four,
 By signal I from Nancy parted,
 At six, she linger'd on the shore;
 With up-lift hands and broken hearted:
 At seven, while tort'ning the fore-stay,
 I saw her faint, — or else 'twas fancy;
 At eight, we all got under weigh,
 And bid a long adieu to Nancy.

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,
 While careless sailors, ever cheerly,
 On the mid-watch so jovial sung,
 With tempers labour cannot weary:
 I, little to their mirth inclin'd,
 While tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy,
 And my warm-fighs increas'd the wind,
 Lock'd on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

And now arriv'd that jovial night,
 When ev'ry true-bred tar carouses;
 When o'er the grog all hands delight
 To toast their sweethearts and their spouses:

Round

Round went the cann, the jest, the glee,
 While tender wishes fill'd each fancy;
 And when, in turn, it came to me,
 I heav'd a sigh, and toasted Nancy.

Next morn a storm came on at four,
 At six, the elements in motion
 Plung'd me and three poor sailors more
 Headlong within the foaming ocean:
 Poor wretches, they soon found their graves,
 For me, — (it may be only fancy,)
 But love seem'd to forbid the waves
 To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,
 And winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle,
 When a bold enemy appear'd,
 And, dauntless, we prepar'd for battle:
 And now while some lov'd friend or wife,
 Like lightning, rush'd on ev'ry fancy,
 To Providence I trusted life,
 Put up a pray'r, and thought of Nancy.

At last, 'twas in the month of May,
 The crew, — it being lovely weather,
 At three A. M. discover'd day,
 And England's chalky cliffs together:
 At seven, up channel now we bore,
 When hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy;
 At twelve, I gaily jumpt on shore,
 And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy.

CHARMING MOLLY.

Written by R. RUSTED.

TUNE. — *Sailor's Journal.*

On board the grog went cheerly round,
 Each honest tar, — oh, how delighted!
 From Madagascar, homeward bound,
 The pleasing thoughts their toil requited:

The

The cann was fill'd, 'twas fill'd again,
 Resolv'd to drown dull melancholy,
 Nor did each sea-lad pledge in vain,
 " Success attend the Charming Molly."

Blue lightning flash'd and thunder roll'd,
 The raging tempest fiercely howling,
 When hardy tars, so brave and bold,
 Can, fearless, reach the main-top-bowline:
 And when the boatswain pipes aloud,
 D—n those that say they won't be jolly,
 And nimbly mount the mizen-shroud,
 Whene'er on board the Charming Molly.

Once more hand round the boozing cann,
 Sweethearts and wives we'll drink with pleasure;
 So here's long life to faucy Nan,
 Board or on shore my only treasure:
 Next then, my lads, let's drink the King;
 And, though the winds seem e'er so squally,
 Brave loyal tars can jovial sing,
 " Safe moorings to the Charming Molly."

But now behold the shiv'ring fails,
 Messmates, while we're to windward plying,
 By fav'ring light propitious gales,
 Yon craggy shore with glee descrying:
 Land-lubbers, now in groups pursue
 Your dissipation, pride, and folly;
 Three cheers, my lads, the harbour view,
 Yo, yea! on board the Charming Molly.

ADMIRAL DUNCAN'S VICTORY.

A new Song.

TUNE. — *Hearts of Oak.*

Ye true sons of Britain, whose valour and zeal
 All Europe must honour, all nations must feel;

C

While

[crown'd,

While with wreaths of fresh laurels your temples are
 And the thunder of conquest o'er the ocean resound:
 Brave DUNCAN led the way, British tars won the day;
 Whose hearts, warm and steady,
 Were loyal and ready,
 To prove that our glory will never decay.

Our navy triumphant shall guard our fair isle,
 Where the Loves and the Graces exultingly smile,
 Where the natives are dauntless, and still shall be blest,
 For the bulwark of freedom is rear'd in each breast:
 Then for DUNCAN let's join a wreath to entwine,
 While true British glory,
 Shall live in our story;
 For, fame gives to valour a title divine.

The breezes that bore them across the wide sea,
 Like the champions of virtue and Britain, were free;
 The white foaming billows were glut'ring and gay,
 Reflecting with triumph the heav'n smiling day:
 British tars shall reign o'er the vast swelling main,
 With hearts warm and ready,
 Undaunted and steady,
 To lead them to conquer again and again.

The guardians of Albion each peril can brave, [wave;
 Like the sun fraught with glory, though rough as the
 Like the winds to all points shall their valour extend,
 And their minds prove as firm as the rock they defend;
 Let the loud roaring main echo back the proud strain,
 Our tars shall be ready,
 Undaunted and steady,
 To prove their own valour again and again.

THE SHIPWRECK'D TAR.

*Written and sung**By Mr. DIBDIN, at his SANS SOUCI.*

Escap'd with life in tatters,
 Behold me safe ashore,
 Such trifles little matters,
 I'll soon get togs galore;
 For, Pol swore when we parted
 No chance her faith should jar,
 And Poll's too tender hearted
 To flight a shipwreck'd Tar.

To Poll his course straight steering,
 He hastens on apace,
 Poor Jack can't get a hearing,
 She never saw his face;
 From Meg, and Doll, and Kitty,
 Relief is just as far,
 Not one has the least pity
 For a poor shipwreck'd Tar.

This, whom he thought love's needle,
 Now his sad mis'ry mocks,
 That wants to call the beadle
 To set him in the stocks:
 Cry'd Jack, this is hard dealing,
 The elements at war
 Than this had kinder feeling,
 They spar'd a shipwreck'd Tar.

But all their taunts and fetches
 A judgement are on me,
 I for these hard'ned wretches,
 Dear Nancy, flighted thee:
 But, see! poor Tray assails me,
 His mistress is not far,
 He wags his tail and hails me,
 Though a poor shipwreck'd Tar.

'Twas faithful love that brought him,
 Oh, lesson for mankind!
 'Tis one, cry'd she, I taught him;
 For, on my constant mind
 Thy image dear was graven;
 And how remov'd each bar,
 My arms shall be the haven
 For my poor shipwreck'd Tar.
 Heav'n and my love reward thee,
 I'm shipwreck'd but I'm rich,
 All shall with pride regard thee,
 Thy pride shall so bewitch
 With wonder each fond fancy,
 That children, near and far,
 Shall hush the name of Nancy,
 That sav'd her shipwreck'd Tar.

JACK TAR'S SONG.

TUNE. — *A Begging we will go.*

Come bustle, bustle, drink about,
 And let us merry be;
 Our cann is full, we'll pump it out,
 And then all hands to sea.

And a sailing we will go.

Fine Miss at dancing-school is taught
 The minuet to tread;
 But we go better when we've brought
 The *fore-tack* to *cat-head*.

And a sailing we will go.

The jockies call, *To horse, to horse!*
 And swiftly ride the race;
 But swifter far we shape our course,
 When we are giving *chase*.

And a sailing we will go.

When

When horns and shouts the forest rend,
 His pack the huntsman cheers;
 As loud we hollow when we send
 A broadside to Mounseers.

And a sailing we will go.

The — *what's their names?* at opera, squall
 With music fine and soft;
 But better sounds our *boatswains* call
 All hands, all hands, aloft!

And a sailing we will go.

With gold and silver streamers fine,
 The ladies rigging shew;
 But English ships more *grander* shine,
 When prizes home we tow.

And a sailing we will go.

What's got at sea we spend on shore
 With sweethearts or our wives;
 And then, my boys, *hoist sail* for more,
 Thus passes — *sailors* lives.

And a sailing we will go.

A MEDLEY.

Sung by Mr. DYKE, at the ROYALTY-THEATRE.

Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
 List, ye landsmen, all to me;
 Messmates, hear a brother sailor
 Sing the dangers of the sea. —

— I that once was a plough-boy

A sailor am now,

No lad half so happy as I; —

— Sweet Poll of Plymouth was my dear,

When forc'd from her to go —

— Why then I was obliged — [*Speaking.*]

'To sing a little, and laugh a little,
 And swear a little, and dance a little,
 And swig the flowing cann. —
 — The wand'ring sailor ploughs the main
 A competence in life to gain,
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find at last content and ease. —
 — 'Twas in the good ship Rover,
 I sail'd the world around,
 And for three years and over
 I ne'er touch'd British ground. —
 — Although a tar I'm stranded,
 And my fortune's awreck,
 Whilst two planks are together
 I still will keep the deck. —
 [Speaks.] — Gad, an honest heart should never despair;
 For, they say, there's a cherub
 Sits perch'd up aloft,
 Will keep watch for the life of poor Jack. —
 [Speaks.] — Split the timbers of despair; and shiver
 the hulk of melancholy; for, —
 Britons best bulwarks are our wooden walls. —
 — Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,
 We always are ready,
 Steady, boys, steady,
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.
 — So — Rule, Britanni; Britannia, rule the waves;
 For, Britons never will be slaves! [Repeat.

THE WAVES WERE HUSH'D.

A favourite Sea-Song, by Mr. UPTON.

Sung by Mr. DIGNUM, at VAUXHALL.

The waves were hush'd, the sky serene,
 When sailing on the main,
 Ben, from the main-top, view'd the scene,
 And sung in tender strain;

Dear

Dear *Sall*, this picture round my neck,
Which bears thy likeness true,
Shall e'er my faithful bosom deck,
Which throbs for only you.

Still was the night when last on shore
We took a parting kiss,
And warm the vows each other swore
To meet again in bliss:
A token then my *Sally* gave,
'Tis this which now I view,
And in my heart shall ever live,
Which throbs for only you.

Sweet *Sall*, whenever you may rove,
Ah! kindly think on me,
And this dear semblance of my love
Shall prove I doat on thee:
Wherever bound, by night or day,
Still as the needle true,
My constant heart shall never stray,
Which throbs for only you.

THE BED OF HONOUR.

Sung by Mr. DENMAN, at VAUXHALL.

Ned oft had brav'd the field of battle,
Had oft endur'd the keenest woe;
Had been where deep-mouth'd cannons rattle,
And oft been wounded by the foe:
His heart was kind, to fear a stranger,
The name of Briton was his pride,
He nobly scorn'd to shrink from danger,
And on the Bed of Honour dy'd.

For, said Ned, whate'er befalls,
A Briton scorns to flinch or whine,
He'll cheerful go where duty calls,
And brave all ills, but never pine.

Ned

Ned lov'd sincere the charming Kitty,
 She saw, with tears, her soldier go;
 And pray'd kind Heav'n to grant her pity,
 And shield her Edward from the foe.
 My love, he cry'd, thy grief give over,
 Those tears disgrace a soldier's bride,
 But hapless Kitty lost her lover,
 Who on the Bed of Honour dy'd.

For, said Ned, &c.

Though war's dread tempest flew around him,
 Though dismal groans assail'd his ear,
 Firm in her int'rest Honour found him,
 Unus'd to shame, untaught by fear:
 Such was his valour, such his merit,
 His country's welfare was his pride;
 He, pierc'd by wounds, maintain'd his spirit,
 And on the Bed of Honour dy'd.

For, said Ned, &c.

THE SAILOR BOY.

A Sea-Song.

*Written by Mr. CROSS, and sung by Mr. HELME, at
 the CIRCUS.*

To Davy Jones old dad was gone,
 And mother likewise dead,
 When little I was left alone,
 To labour for my bread.
 No matter! I ne'er pip'd my eye,
 Tho' care attack'd me sore,
 But soon became a sailor boy,
 And left all care on shore.

All

All danger did I smiling scorn,
 And swigg'd the flowing cann,
 And prov'd myself from stem to stern
 A sailor and a man:
 To Indies, East and West, I sail'd,
 The line cross'd o'er and o'er,
 Ere on my native beach I hail'd
 My pretty Poll on shore.

We jigg'd it at a merry dance,
 And both dislik'd to part,
 My timbers stout may start by chance,
 But English oak's my heart.
 Then let but fortune cheerly smile,
 And hand me gold galore,
 Why, all the sum of all my toil
 Is pretty Poll on shore.

QUANTUM OF GROG.

Sung by Mr. WATHEN, in BANYAN-DAY.

When on board of the Hector I first went to sea,
 How the boatswain did grumble and flog,
 I swore that no longer a sailor I'd be,
 Till they serv'd my allowance of grog.
 It was then rough or fair, safe moor'd or at sea,
 Going large from the land, or close under the lea;
 For, to reef or to steer,
 Or to tack or to veer,
 Up the hatchway so merrily jog;
 While, to moisten my eye,
 Mister Purser, says I,
 Pray, where's my allowance of grog?
 Once sick of a fever a whole week I lay,
 From my hammock I hardly could jog;
 Just like some old junk they had stow'd me away,
 And stopp'd my allowance of grog:

Keep

Keep her full, says I, boy, or you're taken aback,
 And the sharks will be making a meal of poor Jack;
 For, the doctor's mate said
 He was sure I was dead,
 Till I call'd him an impudent dog:
 Hard a starboard, says I,
 You lubber, you lie!
 All I wants is my quantum of grog.

A MEDLEY.

By Mr. BRITTON.

Ask me for a song? Egad, you'll soon wish you had'nt!
 My taste, well as voice, having nought but what's bad in't.
 But, since upon me 'twas your pleasure to call, —
 — I'll do my best endeavour to sing —
 — How sweet in the woodlands, with —
 — Four-and-twenty drummers all on a row:
 There was tantararara, I rub adub, adub, adub, —
 — And a long-tail pig, a short-tail pig,
 And a pig with a curly tail;
 A sow-pig, a boar-pig, —
 — And Dorothy Dump, who'd mutter and mump,
 And cry, —
 — Oh, dear o'me! what shall I do?
 You love not me, yet I love you!
 Whene'er my torments I disclose
 You cry —
 — Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
 Oh, dear! what can the matter be? with —
 — Tabitha Twist, who'd a mind to be kiss'd,
 And cry'd, "For you, Walter, I die!" —
 — "Die, and be d—n'd, then," says I. —
 — So I took my departure from *this damsel* so pretty,
 And for England's *own* self o'er the seas —
 — We canter'd along until it grew dark,
 Galloping dreary dun.
 — The nightingale fung —

— Peaceful

- Peaceful slumb'ring on the ocean,
Sailors fear no dangers nigh. —
- When up came a cobbler, whose name it was Stout,
Fal, lal, lal, lal.
And he took up his lap-stone, and knock'd out —
— The little farthing rushlight,
Fal, lal, lal, lal.
The little farthing rushlight.
- Then Sir Solomon he out of bed popt his toes,
And vastly he swore and very much did curse light;
Then up to the chimney Sir Solomon he goes, —
— And roll'd about —
— An old woman clothed in grey,
Whose daughter was charming and young,
And she was deluded away —
- At the dead of the night when with whisky inspir'd, —
— I jumpt upon land to my neck up in water,
Or I'll never more sing about —
— An old woman, God bless her!
Who threw her leg over the dresser,
A ten-penny nail hitch'd in h. r tail,
And tore out —
- Four-and twenty barbers all on a row:
There was frizzec, frizpowder, and pomatum,
Two ruffles and never a shirt;
'Tis cursed hard times, your honours, but —
- I'd no more mind the times than a puff of dumpling dust,
But my wife, — Oh! she's the plague of my life;
For, last night, I caught her lock'd up with —
- A flaxen-headed plough-boy, as simple as may be, —
— But, no matter for that,
For my trades come as pat,
They all come as pat as they can:
So, for shaving or tooth-drawing,
Bleeding, cabbaging, or sawing,
Dicky Gossip, Dicky, Dicky, is the man.

THE OLD LOVER.

*Sung by Mr. DYKE, at the ROYALTY-THEATRE, in
VALENTINE'S DAY.*

Udzooks, my chicken! why deny
So small a boon? Why this alarm?
It's quite absurd to cry "Oh fie!"
I'm sure I can do you no harm:
Besides, as we so soon shall wed,
Pray where's the harm to steal a kiss?
There's not a girl in all our town
Can say that I have done amiss.

[*Spoken.*] No, no, the worst the girls can say of me
is, that I am a little given to the — Ri tol de ri du
dol, and Fol de rol de riddle rol, &c.

When I was young, Lord! who but I,
At each unlucky rig the first;
At sight of me the girls would fly,
For, sure they were to nap the rust:
Fegs, I us'd to squeeze and tease
The pretty rogues; indeed 'tis true!
And then, sirs, when a kiss I'd steal,
They smile and cry, "Adone, now, do!"

[*Spoken.*] Yes, yes, the little dear rogues would
always smile when they saw me, for all they used to
threaten to tell their mothers of me and my — Tol lol
de ri dol lol, &c. &c.

So come, my deary, don't delay,
You know you promis'd me last night
That this should be our wedding-day;
Say yes, and all will then be right:
And, when the supper's o'er and past,
The guests retire, we're left alone;
And then, to crown the joke at last,
And finish all, the stocking's thrown.

[*Spoken.*]

[*Spoken.*] Ha! ha! ha! d—n me but that's the best part of the whole ceremony; I was always fond of throwing the stocking, because after that you know it's — Ri tol de ri dol lol, &c. &c.

WHO CARES?

Written and sung by Mr. DIBDIN.

If lubberly landsmen, to gratitude strangers,
Still curse their unfortunate stars;
Why what would they say did they try but the dangers
Encounter'd by true-hearted tars?
If life's vessel they put 'fore the wind, or they tack her,
Or whether bound here or there,
Give 'em sea-room, good fellowship, grog, and *tobacker*,
Well then — damme if Jack cares where.

Then your stupid old quidnuncs, to hear 'em all clatter,
The devil can't tell you what for,
Though they don't know a gun from a *marline-spike*,
About and *conspiring* of war! [chatter
While for king, wife, and friend, he's through ev'ry thing
With duty still proud to comply, [rubbing.
So he gives but the foes of old England a drubbing,
Why then — damme if Jack cares why.

And then, when good fortune has crown'd his endeavours,
And he comes home with *shiners* galore;
Well, what if so be he should lavish his favours
On ev'ry poor object 'long shore?
Since money's the needle that points to good nature,
Friend, enemy, false, or true,
So it goes to relieve a distress'd fellow-creature,
Well then — damme if Jack cares who.

Don't you see how some diff'rent thing ev'ry one's
To take the command of a rib? [twigging,
Some are all for the breast-work, and some for the
And some for the cut of her jib; [rigging,
D Though

Though poor, some will take her in tow to defend her,
 And again some are all for the rich;
 As for I, so she's young, her heart honest and tender,
 Well then — damme if Jack cares which.

Why now, if they go for to talk about living,
 My eyes, why a little will *starve*;
 Let each a small part of his pittance be giving,
 And who in this nation can starve?
 Content's all the thing; — rough or calm be the weather,
 The wind on the beam or the bow,
 So honestly he can splice both ends together,
 Well then — damme if Jack cares how.

And then for a bring-up, d'ye see, about dying,
 On which such a racket they keep,
 What argues if in a church-yard you're lying,
 Or find out your grave in the deep?
 Of one thing we're certain, whatever our calling,
 Death will bring us all up; and what then?
 So his conscience's tackle will bear overhauling,
 Why then — damme if Jack cares when.

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

By Mr. DIBDIN.

Spanking Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so jolly,
 Though winds blew great guns, still he'd whistle and
 Jack lov'd his friend, and was true to his Molly, [sing;
 And, if honour gives greatness, was great as a king:
 One night as we drove with two reefs in the mainsail,
 And the scud came on low'ring upon a lee-shore,
 Jack went up aloft for to hand the top-gallant sail,
 A spray wash'd him off, and we ne'er saw him more!

But grieving's a folly, come let us be jolly,
 If we've troubles at sea, boys, we've pleasures ashore.

Whiffing

Whiffing Tom still of mischief or fun in the middle,
 Through life in all weathers at random would jog;
 He'd dance, and he'd sing, and he'd play on the fiddle,
 And swig with an air his allowance of grog:
 Longside of a Don, in the Terrible frigate,
 As yard-arm and yard-arm we lay off the shore,
 In and out Whiffing Tom did so caper and jig it,
 That his head was shot off, and we ne'er saw him more!

But grieving's a folly, &c.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly messmate a brother,
 He was manly and honest, good-natur'd and free;
 If ever one tar was more true than another
 To his friend and his duty, that sailor was he:
 One day, with the davis to heave the kedge-anchor,
 Ben went in the boat on a bold craggy shore,
 He overboard tipt, when a shark, — and a spanker!
 Soon nipt him in two, and we ne'er saw him more!

But grieving's a folly, &c.

But what of it all, lads, shall we be down-hearted,
 Because that may-hap we now take our last sup?
 Life's cable must one day or other be parted,
 And Death in fast moorings will bring us all up:
 But, 'tis always the way on't, one scarce finds a brother,
 Fond as pitch, honest, hearty, and true to the core,
 But by battle or storm, or some d—n'd thing or other,
 He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er see him more!

But grieving's a folly, &c.

HARRY HAWSER.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, Jun. in the SHIPWRECK.

In the course of my life I have seen many nations,
 I've seen many states, and have fill'd many stations;

The valet by turns with the master I've been,
And in each various state various fortune have seen:

With the high and the low,
By turns thus we go,
With a hob and a nob,
And a jerk and a bob, —

[*Speaks.*] But I'd always a great inclination to be
master, so I sung — “ Britons never will be slaves.”

A soldier I serv'd in a fearful campaign, fir,
But ne'er felt the courage I then learnt to feign, fir,
Then parade it and strut it in sprightly cockade,
Which all the world knows oft a captain has made:

From sloven to fop,
Then by turns we pop,
With a hob and a nob,
And a jerk and a bob, —

[*Speaks.*] But I didn't like a soldier's life, so I used
to sing —

“ Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.”

A sailor I've been, and have plough'd the salt sea, fir,
And of all sorts of lives still a sailor's for me, fir,
I'll shun all the great and their curs'd civil racket,
And change ev'ry suit for a sailor's blue jacket:

On the high and the low
Still the wind may blow,
With a hob and a nob,
And a jerk and a bob, —

[*Speaks.*] So now I care for nothing but to dance
upon deck, and sing —

“ Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God, save the King!”

THE ENGAGEMENT.

A new Sea-Song, by JAMES DAY.

Apollo, just risen, illumin'd the deep,
 Our ship skim'd its surface with prosperous gale,
 When our boatswain arous'd our companions from sleep,
 And proclaim'd the approach of an enemy's sail.
 With ardour each mariner burn'd for the fight,
 Despising the cowardly language of fear,
 Our commander was skilful, our tackle was tight,
 And the frigate for action was instantly clear.

A broad-side our gallant antagonist pour'd,
 And volumes of smoke intercepted the day;
 Now Britain's bold thunder tremendously roar'd,
 And her terror-wing'd balls flew destructive away:
 Yet fiercer the awful encounter became,
 The Frenchmen engaging, resolv'd to the last,
 His colours still wav'd 'midst slaughter and flame,
 Affix'd to the shatter'd remains of a mast.

What a scene of destruction unfolded to view,
 He sunk overwhelm'd in the merciless wave,
 And, alas! not a soul could our resolute crew,
 By the ardour of British humanity, save:
 Oh! soon may the nations to friendship return,
 And command the contention of brothers to cease,
 While they drop a sad tear o'er the warrior's urn,
 May they 'twine with the laurel the olive of peace!

NAUTICAL LIFE.

*Written by Mr. T. DIBDIN, and sung by Mrs. DIBDIN,
 at SADLERS' WELLS.*

The life of a sailor's a queer life enough,
 Like the ocean he rides on, oft smooth and oft rough,
 D 3 Yet

Yet to-day, he enjoys, and scarce thinks of to-morrow;
For, thinking is trouble, and trouble is sorrow:

So he fights and he loves,

And he drinks and he laughs,

And the health of his king and his sweetheart he quaffs;
While the joy of all joys that a sailor can know,
Is to help a *poor* friend and to beat a *proud* foe.

When I hear your wise folks of philosophers cry,
Avast with your finnickal lingo! says I:

For, if I know an oar from a sail or a spar,
'Tis an outlandish name for an honest Jack tar:

For he takes all things easy,

He drinks and he laughs,

And the health, &c.

Should he meet a rough squall or a queer-looking sky,
Why he knows that complaining would be all my eye;
He nor fears it, nor braves it, for each is a sin,
And when the storm's over, the calm must begin:

So he keeps up his courage,

He drinks and he laughs,

And the health, &c.

Should he meet with Mounseer he has no care but one,
To shew him our tars know the use of a gun;
While of striking bold strokes they palaver and brag,
They may strike what they will, — but they shan't strike

For he fights and he loves,

[his flag:

He drinks and he laughs,

And the health, &c.

JACK MARLINSPIKE.

Written by Mr. T. DIBDIN, and sung by Mr. DIGHTON, at SADLERS' WELLS.

'Tis many months, weeks, and odd glasses,

Since last I set sail on a cruise,

Now come home, I could make all the lasses

As rich as a parcel of Jews.

Why,

Why, there's Poll and there's bouncing Bet Docker
 Keep such a tight watch for the sparks,
 When they're up to the shot in my locker,
 They'll be at me like so many sharks.

Sing Tol lol de rol, &c.

When a tar comes ashore, splice my cable,
 These huffies, I'm telling no fib,
 The state of his pocket are able
 To tell by the cut of his jib:
 If they find that the shiners are plenty,
 They can coax the poor lad for his pelf,
 But they look, should his pockets prove empty,
 As four as the devil himself.

Sing Tol lol de rol, &c.

Now this being the case, d'ye mind me,
 I does'nt stand any such fun;
 Their palaver and nonsense can't blind me,
 Jack Marlin'spike's not to be done:
 I'll drive close to the wind, never fear me,
 And keep a sharp look out a-head,
 And then why, perhaps, they may queer me,
 But, d'ye see if they do, I'll be dead!

Sing Tol lol de rol, &c.

To be sure there's girl pretty Sally
 Has oft made my heart jump about,
 Then why should we stand shilly-shally,
 A sweetheart what sailor's without?
 Who knows but I've got her good liking,
 And then, if so be, as mayhap,
 She for life would her colours be striking,
 Why I'd chuck all this here in her lap.

Sing Tol lol de rol, &c.

TOBACCO,

TOBACCO, GROG, AND FLIP.

Written by T. DIBDIN, and sung at SADLERS' WELLS.

Whate'er the pleasures known on shore,
 They have no charms for me,
 Be mine the sea, I ask no more,
 'Tis sweet variety.

Give me tobacco, grog, and flip,
 An easy gale, a tight-built ship,
 In ev'ry port a willing lass,
 Then whirling round the globe may pass.

When tir'd of land, our pockets low,
 With will alert we steer,
 O'er hostile seas attack the foe,
 For sailors know no fear:

Our prize in tow, we're all agog
 For fresh tobacco, flip, and grog,
 In port each seeks his fav'rite lass,
 And bids the world unheeded pass.

Thus let me sail, and love, and drink,
 Though folks on land look big,
 Pleas'd with my lot, I'll scorn to think
 Their stations worth a fig:

While I've tobacco, grog, and flip,
 An easy gale, a tight-built ship,
 A friend that's true, a fav'rite lass,
 The globe unheeded round may pass.

THE OLD COMMODORE.

Written by Mr. LONSDALE, and sung by Mr. DIGHTON, at SADLERS' WELLS.

Odsblood! what a time for a seaman to skulk
 Under gingerbread hatches ashore;
 What a d—n'd bad job, that this batter'd old hulk
 Can't be rigg'd out for sea once more:

But

But the puppies as they pass,
 Cocking up a squinting glass,
 Thus run down the old Commodore;
 That's the old Commodore,
 The rum old Commodore,
 The gouty old Commodore — He!
 Why the bullets and the gout
 Have so knock'd his hull about,
 That he'll never more be fit for sea.

Here am I in distress like a ship water-logg'd,
 Not a tow-rope at hand, nor an oar,
 I am left by my crew, and may I be flogg'd
 But the doctor's a son of a whore!

While I'm swallowing his slops,
 How nimble are his chops,
 Thus queering the old Commodore;
 A bad case, Commodore,
 Can't say, Commodore,
 Mus'nt flatter, Commodore, — says he,
 For the bullets and the gout
 Have so knock'd your hull about,
 That you'll never more be fit for sea.

What! no more to be afloat? blood and fury they lie!

I'm a seaman, and only three-score,
 And if, as they tell me, I'm likely to die,
 Godzooks, let me not die ashore:

As to death 'tis all a joke,
 Sailors live in fire and smoke,
 So at least says an old Commodore,
 The rum old Commodore,
 The tough old Commodore,
 The fighting old Commodore — He!
 Whom the devil nor the gout,
 Nor the French dogs to boot,
 Shall kill till they grapple him at sea.

SENTIMENTS.

SENTIMENTS, &c.

- 1 **A** Speedy peace to all Europe.
- 2 Friendship in marble, and animosity in dust.
- 3 The three L's: — Life, Love, and Liberty.
- 4 May every British seaman fight bravely, and be rewarded honourably.
- 5 May *Avarice* loose his purse, and *Benevolence* find it.
- 6 May the *ship* Miss Fortune never *bear down* upon us.
- 7 Pleasure without measure, and gain without pain.
- 8 May the *squalls* of *Adversity* never *disable* our *bulk*.
- 9 May the *waves* of Melancholy never *overwhelm* us.
- 10 May we ever have in use the *compass* of Reason.
- 11 May health and comfort be our *cabin-passengers* through the sea of life.
- 12 May we never be in want of *Abraham Newland's passports*.
- 13 May the clouds of War be soon dispelled by the sunshine of Peace.
- 14 May *Miss* Fortune ever *miss* us.
- 15 May the tars of old England ever preserve their timbers sufficiently sound, to pursue and conquer their enemies.
- 16 May the enemies of good order ever feel disorder.
- 17 May the British admirals always act admirably.
- 18 May the enemies of virtue have their figures drawn at full length, and a gallows be the frame.
- 19 May Friendship never be cast away.
- 20 May all treacherous enemies be wrecked on the island of Despair.
- 21 A bumper, — good friend, — and the girl of our heart, }
From such, my boys, we'll near depart. }
- 22 *Cham* pain to our real friends, and real *pain* to our sham ones.
- 23 Good luck till we cry *Avast!*
- 24 Liberality to the rich, and riches to the liberal.
- 25 May *Reason* be the *pilot* when *Passion* blows the gale.
- 26 The



26 The resurrection of friendship, and the funeral of animosity.

27 The man we prize, and the maid we love.

28 Valour without cruelty, and virtue without hypocrisy.

29 A rich cargo, fair weather, and hearty messmates.

30 May no son of the ocean ever be devoured by his mother.

31 May the frowns of folly never disfigure the face of a tar.

32 May the home-returning tar meet a hearty and cheering welcome.

33 May all oppressors feel the oppression of Miss Fortune seven-fold.

34 May the unfortunate feel a quick and lasting reprieve from trouble.

35 May Miss Fortune be transported from our isle.

36 The steady friends of *Britain*.

37 May the tears of distress be wiped away by the soft paper of Abraham Newland.

38 May poverty never be able to carry enough sail to overtake us.

39 May the poor never want bread; and may the crusty rogue, who would take it from them, never taste the crumb of comfort.

40 The sailor's delight, — a kind lass, a cann of flip, and an enemy in chase.

41 May we kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss.

42 May we always be bomb-proof against villany.

43 Love for love, — a bottle and a kind mistress.

44 May the devil never pay visits abroad, nor receive company at home.

45 May mirth and good fellowship always abound;

46 Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

47 The Lord of the Manor in Liberty-Hall.

48 May we escape all tempests in the voyage of life.

49 May our pleasures never be fore-runners of pain.

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